

Strephon and Cloris :

OR, THE Coy Shepherd and kind Shepherdess.

*He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray,
And from her kind embraces would away;
But she with charms doth him so fether,*

*That for to stay he finds it is the better :
When Flocks, and Herds, and concerns do fail,
Love must be satisfied, and will prevail.*

To the Tune of, Love will find out the way. This may be printed, R. P.



AW ! Cloris awake,
it is all abroad day,
If you sleep any longer.
our Flocks they will stray ;
Tye still, my dear Shepherd,
and do not rise yet,
For 'tis a cold windy Morning,
and besides it is wet.

Oh Cloris make haste,
for it is no such thing;
Our time we do waste,
for the Lark is on wing ;
Besides I do fancy
I hear the young Lambs,
Cry, Ba, ba, ba, ba,
for the loss of their Dams.

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My Shepherd I am,
though I'm all over Sorrow;
But I swear I'll not love you,
if you rise so to Morrow;
For methinks 'tis unkind,
thus early to rise,
And not bid me good-morrow,
brings tears from my eyes.

O! hark, my dear Cloris,
before thou shalt Weep,
I'll stay to embrace thee,
neglecting my Sheep:
My Flocks they may wander
one hour, two, or three,
But if I lose thy Favour,
I ruin'd shall be.

I joy, my dear Shepherd,
to hear thee say so,
It eases my heart of
much Sorrow and Woe;
And for thy reward
I will give thee a kiss;
And then thou shalt taste
of a true Lover's bliss.

But, Cloris behold how
bright Phoebus his Beams,
Invites us to go
to the murmuring Streams:
I hear the brave Huntsmen
doth follow the Cry,
And makes the Woods ring,
yet how Sluggish am I.

The Hounds and the Huntsmen,
may follow the Chase,
Whilst we enjoy pleasure
in a far better place:
Thou knowst, my dear Shepherd,
there is no Delight.
Like Lovers enjoyment
from Morning till Night.

Alas! my dear Cloris,
what dost thou require,
The care of my Flocks
doth abate my desire;
The Lambs are new peaced,
and tender for prey,
And I fear the old Wolf
he should bear them away.

My Love, do not fear it,
the Wolf he is fled,
To take up his Lodging
in his mossy-bed;
Then let me embrace thee,
whilst we do agree,
And I do promise to go,
thou shalt after be free.

Ah! Cloris, thy words
are so powerful to me,
That I could be willing
to tarry with thee;
Therefore to content thee,
one hour I will stay,
But I vow, by God Cupid,
I will then go away.

Now I have my Wishes,
dear Shepherd, we'll part,
Although thou dost carry
away my poor heart:
I bless the great Gods
that to Lovers are kind,
To bring us together,
such bliss for to find.

Then farewell, dear Cloris,
till I see thee again,
For now I will haste to
my Flocks on the Plain;
Where I will record
thy true Love in such Rhimes,
For Shepherds to admire
in succeeding times.